

## JOHN C. C. MAYO.

A Few More of the Many Tributes  
Written About This Lamented  
Kentuckian.

JOHN C. C. MAYO.

The Morehead Mountaineer, edited by Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, has the following tribute:

"The State of Kentucky mourns the loss of a distinguished citizen, the mountains a devoted and beloved son. No marble shaft, however immense or tall, however bright or shining, can fitly mark his resting place; but the whole range of Eastern Kentucky hills, the land which gave him birth and which he loved, shall stand as a proud monument to John C. C. Mayo. He it was who ennobled and made the world to recognize, respect and revere these very hills, who turned the eye of scorn and derision into one of admiration for his country, who silenced slander and elicited for it the voice of praise. He was ours, and the loss—the great, irreparable loss is ours. The anxiety of the watchers at his bedside was shared by the mountaineers—all of us, on hillsides, in valleys, in caves, and in hollows. Day after day among the hill people the salutation has been, 'How is John Mayo today?' and as he improved or suffered our spirits rose or fell. It has, perhaps, never been given to a private citizen to be so well or so universally loved. It has, perhaps, never been given to the wife of a private citizen to have so many to share her anxiety, or to the widow to have so many to share her grief as has Mrs. Mayo. He was great and true, and we are clannish; all mountaineers are akin in time of sorrow and distress, and this great blow is indeed our common sorrow."

"John C. C. Mayo was a Kentuckian, a Methodist, a Democratic National Committeeman, a Colonel on the Governor's staff, a multimillionaire; but first of all he was a mountaineer, with all the traits of a mountaineer highly exemplified in his character. To many he was best known for his marvelous success as a promoter and organizer and a financier; but to us he was best known and most loved for his loyalty to the people of the hills, and his generous giving of himself, and sharing of his means in the development and up-building of this country. Wealth never spoiled him for a moment, nor changed in the slightest degree his plain and simple mountain manner. He employed his wealth as a means of bettering conditions in his country and of elevating its people. Many a church steeple on the hillside and in the valley tells of his generosity; many a mountain school owes to him its existence; while an army of mountain boys, who have become intelligent, useful men, can testify of his beneficence. His name has meant to all a synonym for thrift, industry, courage, perseverance, honesty and benevolence. His patriotism was manifested in every way. The pictures even which adorn the walls of his home today—that home completed so recently and enjoyed by him for so brief a spell—are not the world's famous masterpieces, nor fair scenes of foreign lands; but they are all pictures of mountain scenery, the Breaks of Sandy, the Old Mayo Farm, Jenkins when it was a trackless forest, and other scenes among the hills. When the remains of John C. C. Mayo were conveyed up the Sandy Valley to their last resting place, they were transported over a railroad that his own thrift and enterprise has invited; from the station at Paintsville the cortege marched along a street paved through his own pride and munificence, and the body was borne to a church building under his own careful supervision and largely from his own contributions—the most beautiful church in all the mountains. This portrays but a glimpse of the intricate

manner in which his whole life was interwoven with the institutions and development of the hill country.

"The way to mourn and to pay tribute to our beloved dead is to exemplify in our lives the graces which adorned theirs, and to strive to complete the achievements for which they unselfishly strove. John C. C. Mayo in one decade, through his wondrous vision and faith and energy, pushed his country forward a hundred years. Those of us who loved and admired him, can best honor him by dedicating ourselves to the work which he has so well begun, that of developing the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, and making the country more habitable and its people more prosperous, happy and blest."

John Mayo's Mighty Struggle.  
(Paducah News-Democrat.)

John Mayo was not a soldier on the battlefield, but he fought a mighty struggle against great odds and won his victory. There was no blare of trumpets or brilliant show of military trappings, but there was a fight just the same, and all heroes are not to be found on the battlefield. Somehow it has always seemed to us that there should be as much glory due the strong man who fights on, undisciplined, the silent battle that is his alone, and wins, as to him who grasps his honors at the expense of the myriad dead and dying on a blood-stained battlefield, for it brought development to his State, wealth to himself, honesty gained, and the respect and confidence of his fellowmen. We have in mind man-made heroes who have fought less valiantly and gained far less deserving victories.

Way to Senate Open to Mr. Mayo.

Although but few are aware of the fact, John C. C. Mayo might have been in the United States Senate at the time of his death if he had but accepted the toga. It was six years ago when J. C. W. Beckham made his losing fight for the seat in the Senate and William O. Bradley was elected by a Democratic Legislature.

After the Democratic leaders in both the House and Senate saw that Gov. Beckham could not be elected a conference was called in Louisville. In the conference were but half a dozen men, including Mr. Mayo. The conference began on Saturday and lasted until Sunday night.

After being shown that he could be elected to the Senate if he would but give the word Mr. Mayo said that it was up to Gov. Beckham and that he would not get into the fight unless Beckham agreed to withdraw and leave a clear field. He was also willing to sidestep reelection and allow Beckham to make the race in 1914. Gov. Beckham after seeing the men who had talked the matter over with Mr. Mayo declared he would fight until the finish and if beaten would come back six years later. Mr. Mayo did not get in to the fight and Senator Bradley was elected.—New York Sun.

(The above is a correct statement of what occurred at that time.)

Last fall Gov. McCreary wrote Mr. Mayo a letter asking him to make the race this year for the United States Senate and pledging himself to stay out of the race if Mr. Mayo would run. The Governor also told numbers of people that he would gladly give way to Mr. Mayo.

From a Room-mate.

The following is from the Huntington Herald-Dispatch:

D. W. Frampton, deputy sheriff, who was a room-mate of John C. C. Mayo, at Kentucky Wesleyan College, in 1883 and 1884, describes the noted John C. C. Mayo, Kentucky's wealthiest man, as a "good fellow as a boy in school," and "just a clever country youth."

He was a genius in mathematics and as Mr. Frampton says, "no professor could stump him with a problem." His adding, multiplying and dividing was phenomenally rapid, while in the higher branches of the science it was little more than pastime for him to

solve the most difficult algebra or geometry propositions.

He also excelled in other branches of the college work, caring little for society or athletics. Most of his time was spent in studying.

"Many times," Mr. Frampton said, "he declared his belief to me that there were fortunes stored in the hills of the Blue Grass state around Paintsville—around his home."

Gov. McCreary Said:

"He was a very generous man, but made no display of his generosity. He gave liberally to many colleges, churches and schools and took stock in every worthy enterprise which had for its object the development of Eastern Kentucky, and no man with whom I was acquainted has ever been more generous to his party than Col. Mayo. He could have been elected to various offices had he consented to be a candidate when his friends urged him to do so."

John Mayo possessed every good quality that an honorable man could have and he will be missed by all the people of our commonwealth, who love progress, improvement and advancement and he will be missed in Eastern Kentucky by all who desired to develop this important section. He will also be missed by hundreds of kind, good, laboring people, who always found in him a generous friend and a devoted sympathizer.

John C. C. Mayo and Mrs. Mayo stood with me and helped me to receive more than a thousand people when the new Governor's mansion was dedicated last December. They dined with me the following day. Then I said good bye to two of the best friends I have ever had in my long public career and no man in Kentucky now mourns the loss of this splendid citizen, this faithful husband, this great business man and this devoted friend, more than I do."

FROM THE FRONT.

Vera Cruz, Mexico, May 15, 1914.—If the editor will grant me the space I will try and state some of the facts about Vera Cruz since my arrival here.

I departed from Louisiana April 20th, en route to rejoin my troop and reported for duty on the 23rd, embarked on the transport on the 25th, and arrived here on the 28th. Just after docking we were initiated by a hurry up order to saddle our horses and go out to the water works as early as possible, a distance of nine miles, to re-enforce the command at that place. It was reported that the Mexicans were going to attack the Americans at that place but they failed to back up their threat and this excitement soon passed over. However, this was a terrible hardship on the men and horses, just after getting off an army transport and marching for nine miles through the jungles in a tropical country. After getting back that afternoon we continued in getting our cargo off the transport and loaded up the wagons, then we were on our way but didn't know where we were going. After maneuvering around for some time it was decided that we would go into camp in the outer edge of the city along the outpost lines. My troop is camping in a cocoanut grove which is greatly appreciated by the men as the water around here is very bad and instead of drinking it, we drink cocoanut milk which is very refreshing and not dangerous to drink.

For several days the cavalry was used for patrolling the city and at first there was plenty of excitement for us. It was our duty to locate snipers, arrest all suspicious characters and enforce the law generally. While on one of these patrols we became suspicious of four Mexicans wearing a White Cross insignia on their arms carrying a man on a litter, and decided to examine the party. They tried to keep us away by telling us that they had the corpse of a man who had died from contagious disease. I rode up and gave a couple of blows with my saber and out jumped a Mexican with plenty of life yet. They were snipers and the man underneath the sheet was doing the dirty work.

The cruiser "Chester" did some excellent work in bombarding the Naval Academy. The projectiles would pierce the walls and explode on the inside, tearing things to pieces. They found 64 dead in the academy after the fight.

The effect of the revolution is plainly seen around here. The women and little children of the poor class (peons) are actually suffering; they have learned what mess call means and swarm around the men like bees, begging for what food they have left after having finished their meals.

A few days ago a man from the 28th Infantry got lost and wandered through the lines and was captured and executed by the Mexicans.

On the first of the month I went out with a squad of eight men and an American civilian to get some horses and were cut off from our army and let me say right here we had a high old time getting back to our people; had to use our strategy and get busy.

With the very best wishes to my relatives and friends, I remain,

Very truly,  
MART SEE.

WHY SHOULD THE GOSPEL BE PREACHED?

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." Matt. 6-33. In this scriptural passage the first duty of man is clearly and forcibly set forth in unequivocal language. There is no doubting the spirit or intent of such simple words. Their meaning is so obvious that "way-faring men, though fools, need not err" in their interpretation. When read by men who are in search of Biblical truths, their true import is emblazoned upon the screen of their minds, and a genuine estimate of their great value sinks to the infinite depths of their immortal souls.

But when we have sought, found, and obtained admittance into God's Kingdom, are we then to turn our attention to the perishable things of earth? Or are we to polish and don a christian armor and do battle for the King of Hosts? Are we to grope in the chaotic night of spiritual ignorance? Or are we to familiarize ourselves with the fundamental truths of His Eternal Word? We rather think that when we have enlisted in the Army of Jehovah we must continue to wear the uniform, drill and keep our camps in good order, lest we be classed as deserters, court-martialed by that lofty Military Tribunal of Zion and sentenced to endless imprisonment.

For the purpose of strengthening man's knowledge of God's Word, church buildings girdle the earth. Hundreds of thousands of their steeple steeples give mute evidence of the infinite love which human beings have for Him who spoke into existence the glittering fabric of their universe. These buildings are dedicated to the service and worship of God. Do men go to them to hear the "glad tidings of great joy" and bask in the celestial light of Gospel Truth? Or do they go there to hear agricultural discourses? In answering the former question, is the affirmative, we would gently and affectionately, but earnestly and firmly reprove the estimable young lad of Berea who deigns to admonish ministers to substitute agricultural lectures for the antique custom of preaching the gospel of the martyred Christ. He verily believes that a sermon on progressive farming would be more potent than a "dry, doctrinal sermon."

There is a great deal of truth in Geo. Washington's words: "Agriculture is the most healthful, most useful and most noble employment of man," but if we should become so absorbed with ideas of farming as to abandon, or even partially forsake, our religious duties, the drift toward barbarity would begin and society would soon crumble into sorrowful oblivion. Such neglect would certainly accrue from the abandonment of gospel preaching. With due regard for all who are striving to usher in a new era of agriculture, and allotting to them their rightful place among the benefactors of the human race, let us not forget that the richest and grandest heritage that can fall to any generation is a system of well organized churches.

If we are interested in the welfare of those who are to take our places in the human arena, let us, while we are making provisions for their material well-being, not fail to remember that they, too, like us, will be subject to the vengeance of the organic laws of God's heaven; that they, too, will be fallible and finite and that their most noble efforts and their grandest endeavors will be pregnant with error, like ours.

Take away the christian's Bible and give him a book on agriculture instead, and you remove the sweetest hope that ever made its home within the bosom of that man. Deprive him of the privilege of hearing his beloved pastor talk about the eternal truths of God and compel him to listen to the speech of an agriculturalist and you cast a mist of darkness over the landscape of his existence. Why? Because second to no consideration within the mind of the christian is his desire for eternal life; everlasting bliss; unending joy.

It is the preacher's place to tell men how to get their souls saved, not how to plow; to tell women how to raise their children and how to evade the tortures of that abyss of woe, not how to plant beans and cook cabbage. But we would not, for any consideration, seek to discourage the noble work being done in transforming the agricultural world; let it be advanced with relentless vigor! Only let the preacher preach the infallible gospel of God's love and let the scientific farmer preach scientific farming.

R. E. LEE OAKS.

Oldtown, Ky.

ELIZABETH MCKINSTER.

The widow of A. J. McKinster, of Fonda, Okla., departed this life on May 9th. She was born a few miles south of Louisiana, of April 7, 1837, being 77 years, 1 month and 2 days of age. The cause of death was the infirmity of age. She was married to A. J. McKinster 58 years ago and to them were born one daughter and one son. She with her husband and son moved to Kansas 35 years ago and later moved to Oklahoma.

The body was laid to rest beside her husband who departed this life three years ago, and was buried at Geary, Okla. She leaves one son to mourn the loss of a good mother.

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